## THOMAS JEFFERSON,

ADAMS'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA DURING THE FIRST ADMINISTRATION OF THOMAS JEFFERSON. By Henry Adams. Two Volumes. 12mo, pp. 446-456. Charles Scribner's

The scale and the method adopted by Mr. Adams in this work are such as to justify the expectation that when completed it will be at once the fullest and the clearest history extant of the period treated. The first six chapters, comprising nearly half of the first volume, are devoted to a careful and thorough review of the general conditions, intellectual and material, isting in the United States at the beginning of the century. These chapters are in themselves sufficient to decide the question of the author's fitness for his undertaking, and they exceed, in grasp, penetration and photographic fidelity, any previous survey of the kind. To a perfect understanding of Jefferson's Administration such a birdseye view of the country and people is necessary; but the situation was so full of paradoxes, contradictions, fake pretences, inconsistencies and cross-purposes, that only an infinite patience and an imperturbable temper could trace out the entangled lines of action and thought, or do justice to the mixed motives and often strangely conflicting purposes of the leaders. These qualifications Mr. Adams has brought to his work, and with the happiest power upon a man perhaps unconsciously to himresults upon its character,

The first chapters deal with the general state of the country in 1800, exhibit its backwardness, formidable one, and the historian's working hy and throw into relief the difficulties which stood between it and more rapid progress. It is a picture singularly vivid and deeply interesting. primitive times and made to grasp their real signifi-There was not a single real city Philadelphia was then the most important town on the continent; and Pennsylvanians were the truest Democrats in the country, and this because they had been educated by a peculiar social system and remarkably liberal religious standards. Washington was a wretched hamlet, in which the miseror eight boarding-houses, and left without society, their official duties, which had to be performed in a fragment of a Capitol possessing two wings no body, and one of whose wings already threatened to fall in upon the heads of the people's representatives.

Transportation was everywhere draffcult and costly and laborious. Railways were not only begun, but highways generally were in a woful state. False economy and silly political fantasies had combined to discourage the expenditure of any public money upon roads. Americans at this period were sadly lacking in that Roman sagacity which so recognized the importance of means of communication and so insisted upon thoroughness in improvement that the causeways built two thousand years ago in many instances still remain to show frivolous moderns how such work ought to be done. Our ancestors were in this respect curiously sluggish and shortsighted. Some of them were foolish enough to object to public roads on the ground that turnpikes in England were part of the monarchical system. The population was not merely sparse, but it was scattered in spots over immense areas. so that far separated communities might, and often did, develop quite distinct tendencies, manners and customs. There was not a steam-engine in the United States in 1800, and, what was more, the popular mind was opposed to the new mechanical renaissance. The first inventors of marine engines could not secure a hearing, and one of them at least died in misery. Fulton had an uphill task, but was fortunately backed by capital, or he, too, would have failed. The Yankee spirit of invention had but just begun to derelop, and did not as yet realize its own caps bilities. Society generally was rude, and for the moment apparently little disposed to experiment in new ideas.

At such a period it could not be expected that literature should flourish or exhibit fecundity nor did it. Politics absorbed the best literary talent of young and middle-aged America. Theology had already ceased to do so. In New-England, the last retreat and stronghold of Federalism, the long sway of the theocracy had nearly reached its close. In the remoter villages and small towns the minister might still retain much of his ancient authority in the State as well as in the Church, and his censure and condemnation were still a terror to evil-doers. But the sceptre had none the less passed from the clergy with the spread of democratic ideas; and when Thomas Jefferson took office, filled with the purpose of revolutionizing the government and applying to it his own peculiar doctrines, the New-England Federalists felt that a fatal crisis was upon them, and that unless they could oppose a solid and resolute front to innovation, the country was lost. For the terror of democracy consumed them. "Our country," wrote Fisher Ames in 1865, " is too big for union, too sordid for patriotism, too democratic for liberty. What is to become of it he who made it best knows. Its vice will govern it, by practising upon its folly. This is ordained for democracies. A democracy cannot last. Its nature ordains that its next change shall be into a military despotism-of all known governments perhaps the most prone to shift its head, and the slowest to mend its vices. The reason is that the tyranny of what is called the people and that by the sword both operate alike to debase and corrupt, till there are neither men left with the spirit to desire liberty nor morals with the power to sustain justice." Ames was the most ultra of the Federalists, but even George Cabot went nearly as far. Gloom and dreadful forebodings rendered these good people very unhappy. Alexander Hamilton, who was a notable phrase

maker, summed up the Federalist doctrines more tersely than any of his contemporaries when, replying to some democratic sentiment at a New York dinner, he struck his hand sharply upon the table and cried: "Your people, ar, your people is a great beast!" The Virginia Republicans stood over against New-England, and with them were joined the Northern Democrats, who did certainly at that time represent "blind mouths" as com pletely as possible. They were formidable from numbers and discipline, but they had no ideas nor principles. In the latter respect it might be contended that they have made little progress since the beginning of the century, but at least they have produced leaders capable of independent action. Then they were simply the soft iron furnish ing the weight behind the steel face of the Virginia hammer. The latter was essentially aristoeratic, and yet it put forward in Jefferson the champion of the most advanced democratic ideas. But it is one of the special features of Mr. Adams's history that it sets forth with admirable adroitness and lucidity the influences which led the Virginians to carry out a revolution which they had never contemplated, which invisibly set them in opposition to their fundamental doctrines, and which left their leader in almost the precise attitude his predecessor-whose policy he so strongly condemned-had occupied. Nothing more curious and interesting than this can be found in history, and it is the more so because the men who thus travelled in a circle appear to have honestly believed that they were moving in a straight line all the time.

This is certainly very difficult to believe, and many men, not unreasonably, decline to receive the truth. It is the hypothesis of Mr. Adams that Jefferson was thoroughly honest and sincere. This hypothesis becomes the harder to reconcile with his course the more closely it is followed; and at length he impartial student is compeiled to wonder " her it really is possible for a statesman to pright and ingenuous -- the same time that the nost important actions

of his life are, so far as can be judged, the obvious offspring of a lax morality, a facile demagogism, or a love of power stronger than patriotism, conscience or regard for the organic law. For it was the destiny of Thomas Jefferson, while figuring as the head of the strict constructionists, to construe the Constitution into blank pages: while figuring as the advocate of State Rights to make the longest strides toward centralization; while figuring as the especial champion of the peace policy, to entangle the country in war; while pretending to a high concern for the National honor, to stain it by acts the characterization of which as unprincipled is exceedingly mild; while posing as the foc of National banks to uphold such an institution; and in various other ways to stultify his most openly proclaimed views and to reduce to absurdity his most cherished doctrines. In the infinite variety of Nature it may no doubt be possible for a man to exist capable of doing such things honestly; but the commonsense of mankind fong since reached the practical conclusion that when avowed principles and accomplished actions differ radically and irreconcilably, but one of two explanations is possible. In such a case the judgment of men must be, either that the contradictory character is not honest, or that it is not same. Now, no one has ever questioned the sanity of Thomas Jeffer-Mr. Adams holds, and no doubt rightly, that

some allowance must be made for the effect of self greedy of it; but when all possible allowance has been made for this the paradox remains ; pothesis is not much helped. The interest of the study is heightened by the many strange contradictions between the precept and practice of has become hard for us to realize the compara- the Jeffersonians, and in nothing is the common tively barbarous conditions which prevailed less difficulty of seeing ourselves accurately better than a hundred years ago, but in the luminous illustrated than in Jefferson's exultation at what pages of Mr. Adams we are carried back to those he conceived to be the conversion of the moderate Federalists, whereas, in fact, they had concluded to accept his administration because they saw in the United States. Boston was an overgrown that he was actually carrying out their own village of 30,000 inhabitants. New-York was a policy. History is full of irony, but there are small place, with the Battery for its Central Park | few examples better calculated to point a moral and Wall-st. for an uptown residence quarter. than that of the Virginia Republicans in Congress at this time. The manner in which party excgencies modified their professed views upon constitutional interpretation is almost comical. Jefferson saw the inconsistencies which he was perfectly willing to avail himself of, and repeatedly sought to evade obvious criticism by maintaining a silence able members of Congress were crowded into seven which can have deceived few. Circumstances proved too strong for him and his party, as they without amusement, with no occupation beyond have often done for other leaders and parties since; and material success, as in so many other cases. sufficed to obscure moral wrongs which failure would have thrown into disastrous reliet.

Even now, however, it is difficult to find an apology for the theory of Monroe, upon which was pased the claim of the Administration upon West Florida after the purchase of Louisiana. The pretence that in buying that province the United States had also acquired West Florida was incredibly flimsy and incredibly unprincipled. No reasoning could justify it, though of course its international transactions be put aside entirely. of dynamice bombs which Spain was weak and harassed. France and England were menacing, dragooning and plundering Napoleon had her under his heel, and Jefferson thought Napoleon could be induced to employ pressure upon her in behalf of this He was in error there, as he fictitious claim. back and modify his programme. But here, as carry out his sinister purpose; tries to treaty which gave the Spanish territory to the United States it was solemnly stipulated that the people of the province should have all the rights and privileges of American citizens. No sooner was the transfer effected than the Administration and Congress coolly violated the treaty pledges, and proceeded to treat Louisiana virtually as a conquered country, refusing its inhabitants any form of representation. An almost similar moral paralysis characterized the impeachment proceed. ings of Congress against Judges Pickering and Chase. In the former case law, equity and precedent were equally defied. In the latter the conspicuous incapacity of the managers and the intemperate folly of John Randolph so disgusted and alienated a more scrupulous Republicans that they joined the United States Supreme Court, which it was undoubtedly Jefferson's purpose to bring under his control, had the impeachment of Chase suc-

The strict constructionists had by this time passed, by devious ways, to the remarkable position that Congress alone had the right to interpret the Constitution, and that the United States courts possessed no authority in the premises. This was of course to "make blank paper" of the organic law, and if the Federalists had been in power and had done this, Jefferson would certainly have been among the first to denounce them. As it was, he could not even see that he had been inconsistent, or he would not, at all events, admit

it. The Virginia Republicans at a later period ad reason to regret their course at this time; but Jefferson only lamented to the last the failur of his attempt to crush Chief Justice Marshall and to secure full control of the tribunal over which he presided. Peace, says Mr. Adams, was a passion with Jefferson. He intended to show thr country and the world that government can be carried on without war. He relied, in his foreign elations, upon the theory that the European Powers could be managed through their commercial int rests. He held that none of them could afford to quarrel with the United States, for trade considerations. He therefore proposed to cut the army and navy down to a nominal strength, and to trust in external affairs entirely to diplomacy. Unfortunately for this policy, he failed to realize that he who seeks equity must do equity, and that a government which discards force as a factor in its foreign relations is under paramount obligations to refrain from such policies as force alone can not justify, but carry to successful issues In his dealings with Spain he exhibited the moral callousness of a Napoleon, but he had not Napoleon's sword to back him. Pinckney at Madrid ouits naturally concluded that his Government meant war. After the passing of the Mobile act that conclusion was almost unavoidable. But Jefferson was really, to use a Western phrase, simply "playing a bluff game," and when he found that he was opposed, not only by weak Spain, but by strong France, he had no recourse but equivocation and retreat. Having the threads of diplomacy in his own hands, he could conceal from the country whatever humiliation his policy entailed, and so he appeared to be catering to the democratic lust of acquisition at the very time when he was endeavoring to efface, at Paris, the effects of his false steps.

Mr. Adams narrates in the most interesting manner the successive events of Jefferson's first administration, and his second volume carries the reader to the first year of the President's second term. Among the subsidiary occurrences which bore upon American destinies was the San Domingo war, rendered famous and picturesque by the figure and fate of Toussaint L'Ouverture. A striking chapter is devoted to this episode, which was the turning point in Napoleon's scheme of American colonization. Toussaint L'Ouverture really fought the battle of the United States, and won it for a people who were active agents in the enslavement of his race. The conquest of San Domingo proved too costly for France, and it was then that the retrocession of Louisiana was determined upon. The little Tripolitan war, which brought into prominence the Decaturs and Somers, Preble and Rodgers, and other American naval heroes, is the last picture in this instalment of Mr. Adams's history, which leaves Jefferson committed against his own favorite naval policy, and in most other directions turned squarely round from his original purposes. The ensuing volumes will be looked for with pleasant anticipation by all who have read these, for their merit is great. The style of

simple, clear, graphic, marred by no florid or tawdry ornament. Vigorous, expressive, terse, and picturesque wherever the subject is favorable, it holds the attention firmly and heightens the intrinsic interest of the theme. The historian's characterizations are in the majority of instances marked by the judicial temper. Dispassionate yet plainspeaking, the inquest is carried forward with a care, deliberation and detail which afford the best opportunity for accurate general views and correct inferences. The plan is so comprehensive that the reader is insensibly made to know not only the principal actors, as in most historical works, but the people also; and he is enabled to follow the prevalent currents of thought and feeling, the sentiments of the hour, as they may be called, upon which, in all important conjunctions, the bent of large measures mainly depends, though it is by no means always ascertained or recorded. In this and other particulars Mr. Adams's history is entitled to high praise, and if it is concluded in the same spirit and with the ame diligence, conscientiousness and impartiality which characterize the opening volumes, it will ake rank as a valuable and indeed an indisensable addition to American historical literature.

NOVELS AND SHORT STORIES.

STEPNIAK'S NEW BOOK.

THE CAREER OF A NIHILIST. By Stepniak. JUPITER LIGHTS. By Constance Fenimore Woolson. 16mo, pp. 347. Harper & Brothers.

WITH GAUGE & SWALLOW, ATTORNEYS. bion W. Tourgee, 12mo, pp. 271. Phil bion W. Tourgee, 12mo, J. B. Lippincott Company. ARTHUR MERTON. By Admiral David D. Porter, U.S. N. 16mo, pp. 326. D. Appleton & Co. A FAMILY TREE, and other Stories. By Brander Matthews. 12mo, pp. 236. Longmans, Green & Co.

GERALD FFRENCH'S FRIENDS. By George H. Jessop. 12mo, pp. 240. Longmans, Green & Co.

A novel about Nihilism written by a professional ibilist who is also a trained man of letters justifies usiderable expectations, and the readers of "Step dak's" story will not be disappointed, unless indeed hey happen to be looking for an exposition of the philophy of Nihilism. Whatever the author's purpose and ntent may have been, he has produced a general im ession tending to conviction of the hopelessness and the insanity of the Russian revolutionary movement The story is wholly of underground plotting. We find ourselves in a society every member of which has perpetual reason to apprehend arrest and swift dertation to siberia at the very least; and over many of them the shadow of the gallows falls darkly. vivid idea is conveyed of the terrible repressive system carried on by the Russian Government; of the free ise of spies; of the infinite precautions necessary to suspected class; of the danger incurred by people in good standing if they receive the visits of dawful." The devotion and martyr enthusiasm of the young men and girls (for they are nearly al young) who give themselves to Nihilism is undoubtedly moving; but the suddest feature of it all is its uselessness. The hero of the book enters into a plot to rescue some friends from a provincial prison There is a street fight with the police and the rescue is a partial failure. A farce of a trial ending in the condemnation of the prisoners to death, follows, and the description of the last desperate effort at rescueexplanation was easy, if ethics as factors in frustrated by the premature explosion of a number used against the troops-leads up to strong scene of the execution. Witne Witnessing nothing will be of any use-nothing will rouse from their sluggishness the great middle classes-but i direct attack upon the Czar himself. He has recently married a young wife whom he loves, but he deliberwas not long in discovering, and he had to draw utely sacrifices his own life and her happiness to in the treatment of the annexed population of the Czar, fails, and is of course promptly judged Louisiana, the most striking feature is the de- and executed. He dies consoled by the thought that liberate perfidy of the dominant party. By the his attempt will make people think, and so hasten the Perhaps Stepniak really believes this revolution. doctrine, but certainly he has not been able to give the aspect of rationality to it. All the assassinations successful and unsuccessful, of the Nihilists, have mplished literally nothing in the way of improve ment. They have merely justified reaction, put the hands back on the dial of national development. iriven away the thinking classes, alienated the peasants

and the workmen, and weakened the sympathy which

liberals outside of Russia normally feel for the

victims of Czardom and bureaucracy. Stepniak does

not show that there is any serious defence for Nihil-

sm, but he throws light upon the pervading im

practicability and mistaken sentimentalism of its leaders, and indicates also the strength of the Russian

tendency toward Oriental methods in many directions.

The story is well told; it has much fresh and interest-

strong Muscovite flavor. Regarded simply as a

study: it is lively in action, and it has

novel it is indeed an excellent performance; but its noral is the very opposite of that which, it must be assumed, the author meant to inculcate In "Jupiter Lights" Miss Woolson has written an riginal, interesting, but not particularly cheerful story. Indeed it has so prevailing a tendency to gloom that the reader is apt to feel uncomfortable oc asionally. The distinctively feminine ideas which haracterize the novel are as odd as anything distinct v-ly feminine could well be. Only a woman could by my possibility have imagined the impassioned devotion to that "heautiful" and "terrible" husband f hers, who first fascinates everybody by his delight al manners and "bonhomie," and then relieves the remens and forthwith undertaking to cut the throat's f his wife and baby. Almost all the trouble and sorsow (and there is full measure of both) is caused by his debonair sot and ruffian, but he is grieved over when he kills himself with drink, and poor Eve Bruce who happily shot the murderous maniac on his last ex edition after the lives of his family, is as full of reorse as though she had not been entirely justified t the act. Circly, too, who has had to fly for her life from him, appears to love him rather better for her exiting and perilous experiences, nor does the fact that n a similar fit he once broke her baby's acm at al liminish her affection for "dear Ferdie," can understand the e mysteries of the feminine nature and therefore we are not sure that it is quite fair to tantalize their immature intelligences with the per plexities of such insoluble problems. The general in erest of "Jupiter Lights," however, will carry the verage reader on to the end-which is rushed in with an amount of violence for which nothing has prepare

ne, and which is consequently not a little surprising Judge Tourgee's new book purports to be derived from the experiences of a clerk in a great New-Yorl law firm, and the story is woven with skill and in genuity out of the cases which this firm are employed ipon. The connecting thread at times appears to grows very thin, but as the plot develops everything falls into its place and assumes a natural and un-strained aspect. Many of the situations and subedinate sketches are full of novelty and character and those who are acquainted with the law will robably think they recognize repeated references to certain famous people and celebrated causes which have occupied the courts within the last quarter As to the identity of "Mr. Hazzard," century. magine there can hardly be two opinions. It is all very neatly and cleverly done, and the book deserves to be read.

Admiral Porter writes honest, old-fashioned stories of adventure, in which the interest turns, not upon what the people are so much as upon what they do. Arthur Merton" is a romance of this kind, in which a villain of the deepest dye employs a private and peculiar forger, rains the career of a youth whose sweetheast the viliain covets, secures the said sweet-heart to himself, makes an lumense fortune in manufacturing, nearly breaks his wife's heart, but, of course, is duly overtaken by the vigilant Nemesis. and, having worn out everybody's patience, is eliminated with an case and dispatch calculated to give general satisfaction. Vice is baffled, virtue triumphs, wedding beils fill the air, and the curtain descendupon the most cheerful of conventional illusions.

Mr. Brander Matthews has gathered together a handful of short stories and sketches in the volume called "A Family Tree." The story bearing that title is the longest in the collection, and it is excellently "Idle Notes of an Uneventful Voyage" is another interesting paper, of an entirely different character, airy, light, playful, and exactly befitting the nature of the subject-the humor and oddities of a steamer trip across the Atlantic. "On the Battle Field" is apparently founded on facts, and is a curious account of the growth of a strong delusion in a brain infeebled or injured by an accident. The sketches which complete the volume are bright and original rrative of the two identical dreams must be considered rather a "strong order," even if meant for

read these, for their merit is great. The style of linked together loosely by the relations of the people Mr. Adams is in all respects what it should be: whom they concern with Gerald Ffrench. They are

illustrations of California Hibernianism, though whether the notion that the champagne atmosphere of the Golden State works a real change of any kind in the Irish character is well-founded or not, is more However that may be, Mr. than a little doubtful. Jessop's stories are all interesting, if not all equally well written. The most humorous of them is "The Rise and Fall of the Irish Aigh?"; perhaps the most artistic is "A Dissolving View of Carrick Meagher" the most sensational and least probable is "The Last of the Costellos," while "Under the Redwood Tree" is picturesque and pathetic. They are all good enough to warrant their preservation.

## ZOLA AND DAUDET.

A STORY OF IMPULSIVE CRIME IFROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.

"La Bete Humaine," M. Zola's new novel, now being published serially in the "Vie Popu-This book bids fair to outdo even the laire." most realistic of the writer's other works. The here is another member of the Rougon-Macquart family, the brother of Claude Lantier, the unlucky painter whose cruelly disappointed life is described "L'Ocuvre." "La Bete Humaine" is a poignant drama enacted during the last years of the Second Empire, and beginning with a murder in a railway carriage which reminds one of the Affaire Barreme" and of the "Affaire Jud." The scrupulous and conscientious exactitude which forms a feature of everything which he writes is even more apparent in "La Bete Humaine" than in M. Zola's other works. The book contains description of the life of an engine-driver; and with the view of realizing fully and examining more closely the existence of these men, who hold so many lives in their hands, and whose slightest carelessness may bring on such awful catastrophe, M. Zola made several trips by night and by day between Paris and Mantes in the cab of a locomotive. Several of the scenes in the book are exceptionally dramatic. "A train blocked up in the snow" and "The cour d'assises at Rouen" are vivid pictures drawn by a master M. Zola has evidently wished to prove that

reasoning crime hardly exists, and his "Bete Humaine" is a perfect illustration of the impulsive erime dictated or inspired to every living creature by fury, passion, or mere instinct. M. Zola carries his love for truth and his malism so far that, whilst writing this book he had in his study at Medan the working model of a locomotive, given to him by one of the most prominent railroad men in France. The favored few who have had t'a privilege of reading M. Zola's manuscript of the last of the Rougon-Macquart series acknowledge that the chief of France's realistic school has surpassed himself, and that none of his books ever attained so complete a degree of accuracy and perfection. His next work will be entitled, "L'Argent," and will initiate his readers into the mysteries of the Bourse. It will also touch on politics, and His Excellency, Eugene Rougon, will reappear in all his splendor. After this will come another romance called " La Guerre, in which the public will be treated to M. Zola's view of the campaign of 1870 and of the capitulation of Sedan. As soon as he has completed his Rougon-Macquart series, it is M. Zola's intention to devote himself to the stage, and to write several dramas which he has long had in his mind. It remains to be seen whether or no La Bete Humaine" will further M. Zola's prospects of election to the seat in the Academy left vacant by the death of Emile Augier. has already been promised seventeen votes but of the forty, and his election, therefore, appears more probable now than it seemed a fortnight ago. His last book is, however, too powerful, and especially too confirmed a realistic meet with the unanimous approval of the Academicians, many of whom will doubtless urge that it contains too much vice and too little virtue to make it anything but repulsive.

M. Alphouse Daudet has recommenced his weekly receptions at his charming house in the Rue de Bellechasse. The home of the eminent novelist is one of the most actistic and lovely spots in Paris. Surrounded by a shady gardenan unusual luxury in so crowded a city-it is covered with creepers and flowers, which hang from the balconies and climb up to the roof. The hall, lighted by a lantern of the XVth contury, is hung with old topestries, and contains some remarkable bits of antique furniture. Daudet's study is filled with souvenirs of all kinds: statues, etchings, draperies, bronzes, enamels, ivories, are tastefully scattered about in picturesque confusion, but without the slightest desire to produce effect. Both the master and mistress of the house possess this fine feeling, which enables them to produce without an effort artistic results which require the most laborious trouble on the part of persons less highly gifted. M. Dandet's writing table is very long-legged, so as to prevent the author, who is extremely shortighted, from bending down when writing. The drawing-room has the aspect of a museum, so many are the valuable pieces of brica-brac which crowd the inlaid tables and carved brackets Mme. Daudet's boudoir, a veritable bower of lowers and ferns, is hung with a splendid Oriental silken stuff, through which softly glimmer gold and silver threads. The dining, fencing, and oilliard rooms, as well as the sleeping apartments are perfect of their kind, and the receptions of the Rue de Bellechasse are always delightful, interesting and attractive.

Marshal MacMahon and the Duchess de-Magenta will return here in a few days. During the summer months the Marshal has been very busy putting the finishing touches to his Memoirs, which will be entirely completed by January next. It is deeply to be regretted that this work, which will posesse so great a military and historical value, is not to be great a military and historical value, is not to be made public. It is the Marshal's desire that only six copies thereof shall be printed, one for hims if and the others for his wife, his sons Patrice, Eagene, and Emmanuel, and his daughter, the Comtesse de Piennes. There is not an editor in Paris but would deem himself fortunate if he could purchase the old warrior's reminiscences at any price, and both they and the public must lament the obstinacy with which the ex-President refused the most a mpting offers with regard to the publication of the volume.

A great sensation was created at the opening of the Chamber of Deputies by the appearance at the polais Bourbon of M. Thivrier, wearing over his

A great sensation was created at the opening of the Chamber of Deputies by the appearance at the Palais Bourbon of M. Thivrier, wearing over his trock coat a blue blouse, like those worn by the working classes and peasants of France. The Socialist Deputy worked in a mine for over eighteen years, and was dismissed by his chiefs for insubordination and revolutionary tendencies. He then entered the wine trade, and had but little trouble in converting many of his poorer customers to the theories of rabid Socialism, which he had begun to profess while still in the mines. An almost equally great sensation was caused when the wealthy Comte de Greffuhle, the husband of the Princess de Caraman Chimay, who has now the Princess de Caraman Chimay, who has now entered Parliamentary life for the first time, de-clined the invitation extended to him by his friends to take his seat on the Monarchical side of the house, and crossing the floor to the other side of the chamber, requested that his name should be inscribed as a member of the Repub-

" TNOIR REMUS'S" MOCKING BIRD.

Loel Chandler Harris, the author of "Uncle Remus has been fifrting with two of the muses. Thalia and Eruio, but declines to make a public avowal of his inspiration. Three or four years ago he wrote a poem and called it "The Mocking Rird." It was his first offence, and he proved an allbi by burying the treasure deep in the recesses of his editorial desk. Last summer a mocking bird perched on a telegraph pole in front of "The Atlanta Constitution" office and began singing. The sweet voice warbled through the building and reached the ears of Harris and a colleagues, who were discussing journalistic affairs of great moment. Their tongues were silenced by the melody of the songster and they listened till h the menons of the say and departed. Then Harris went to his desk, raised over a mass of papers, brought out his own long-lost "Mocking Bird" and read it aloud His hearers went into rhapsodies over the beautiful

ines and voted unanimously that the poem be sent but he was overroled and "The Mocking Bird" started northward that night. In the course of a week Harris received from the publishers an offer of \$100 for the lines, but by that time his modesty had resumed its sway and he declined to sell. The poem, at his earnest request, was returned, and it now occupies its favorite corner in "Uncle Remus's" desk. NOTES ON BOOKS.

THE CENTURY DICTIONARY-SIR GEORGE BOWEN-LADY LINDSAY'S ROBINS-THE PUBLISHERS AND MR. GILBERT.

London, November 19. There is, perhaps, a little jealousy of the "Century Dictionary" in England. It is looked upon as an intruder, and this view is expressed, though not avowed, in some of the reviews. An evening paper published an old-fashioned tomahawking notice; so savage that the editor thought it well to diminish his responsibility by putting the initials G. A. to the article. They are supposed to stand for Grant Allen. "The Saturday Review" went for it with that inhuman delight which it but too often shows in cruelty to the American author. Mr. Lang-I think it must be Mr. Lang, but if it be not I will centradict it, if he will-he, too, is not free from what I will gently call a slight anti-American bias, and he has reviewed the new Dictionary in a sniffing spirit. He is not ill-natured, but neither is he overflowing with eagerness to find matter for praise. I will quote a passage:

"The work is primarily American, but, as it is intended for circulation in England-like other admirable publications of the same enterprising company-full concession will be made to British prejudice in regard to the orthography of such words as 'colour,' 'centre,' and so forth. These words will be printed in the American and in the English way. We may hope that the same practice may be followed in regard to the pronunciation, but it is too early to judge from the specimen before us. The real American phonetic rendering of our broad a in such words as 'ask' may, we hope, never pass muster on this side of the water." Some of us might take exception to the word American when applied to such spellings as "traveler," and the rest. center." "theater." They are not American. They are Websterese. Noah Webster was with respect to orthoppy and some other subjects a " crank." His orthoepical and other linguistic eccentricities have been shown up over and over again, and the unsoundness and unscientific and unhistorical character of his innovations have been over and over again demonstrated. Some of them have been corrected, silently or otherwise, by his later editors, Mahn, Porter, and others, but some of the more conspicuous absurdities, those of spelling especially, were allowed to remain; though the correct spelling was given alternatively. It is a thousand pities that Mr. Whitney and his colleagues had not the courage to emancipate themselves from these Websterian traditions. Undoubtedly they impair the value of the new Dictionary by adhering to them, even alternatively, and it is not risking much to predict that the day will come in America when they will be authoritatively and finally set aside

One other remark of Mr. Lang's I will quote: "Our own impression of this magnificent and otherwise admirable work is that, in letter A, the men of science of the team have bolted, with a ferocity by no means unexampled in their honorable order-which may carry them right through to Z without a thought of their companions in the

That is a hint toward a truth which can not be told too often: namely, that the man of science, admirable as he is and invaluable as some of his work is, needs a strong curb to make him go well in harness.

Sir George Bowen's "Thirty Years of Colonial Jovernment Life," which will shortly be published by Messrs. Longmans, contains a chapter likely to interest Americans. Among his many journeyings was one to the United States while General Grant was President. Sir George was received with the friendly respect due to his long and distinguished service as Colonial Governor; made the acquaintance of many eminent Americans, including the President, Mr. Fish and Mr. Evarts, and has stories to tell of his meetings with these gentlemen, and anecdotes; and there are remarks upon America. Sir George and the late Lord Houghton travelled together for a time, and Lord Houghton, too, figures in the book. Few men have seen more of the English-speaking world than Sir George Bowen; few have borne sway in more various quarters of it. His appointment as Governor of Queensland dates back to 1859. Eight years later he succeeded Mr. Froude's hero, Sir George Grey, as Governor of New-Zealand; thence went Victoria, thence to Mauritius, and finally to Hong Kong. He was one of those none too numerous representatives of the Queen who were both opular among the colonists and well thought of n the Colonial Office at home. It is still, I hear, passport to the good graces of Australians and New-Zealanders to be a friend of Sir George Bowen, and I suppose they don't like him the less because he is a G. C. M. G. and Privy Councillorthe latter an unusual distinction for a Colonial

Lady Lindsay has collected into a pretty quarte volume a great number of songs, facts and legends About Robins"-for such is the title of her ook, which she has also illustrated with a sympathetic pencil. The note of the writer is sympathetic throughout. She tells in an engaging way the story of her acquaintance with the Robins; how she had been ill, how she went for health to the country, how her garden was planted by chance with flowers such as robins like best, how it came by-and-by a very garden of robins, how she and they became friends, Of course she studied them and their ways, and then began to recall verses about them, and to search through books for more, and so this new book grew, should imagine it contained the whole literature of robins. Some of the verses are Lady Lindsay's own. The children are not forgotten; if any one cares for birds it is the children, no matter how young, and for the youngest there are nursery rhymes. Messrs, Routledge are the publishers, and the book is attractive and interesting through out; a kind of illustra ed encyclopaedia of robins by a competent and delicate hand

Some of the leading publishers are turning themselves into companies; Messrs. Routledge, for example; though the partners keep all the shares, mounting to a million of dollars, in their own ands; leaving the public to subscribe, if they like, for something less than half that sum in debentures. Messrs. Kegan, Paul & Co., Messrs. Trubner & Co., and Messrs, George Redway & Co. propose to amalgamate into one limited liability company with a joint share capital of half a million dollars, and half as much debenture capital. It may be hoped that these examples are not going to be generally followed. The author and the public have had a pretty hard time of it in their dealings with the publisher in his human and individual form. If he is to cease to be human and become a corporation, which by virtue of its corporate quality is soulless, heaven help

Or, if not heaven, let Providence, in the shape of the Incorporated Society of Authors, help him. That society has already done something to mitigate his miseries; something, but perhaps not very much. Mr. Besant, who is chairman of its executive committee, says that " up to the present moment the society has confined itself to urging upon authors to take as much care of literary as of any other property, and to recommending certain common precautions-such as the auditing of accounts, etc." When Mr. Besant says " common" precautions, he really means uncommon. It is because authors have not succeeded-often, no doubt, have not tried to-in getting sight of publishers' accounts, audited or unaudited, that the profits in books have been divided in such singular proportions. The name of the author who has been bold enough to ask not only that full accounts should be rendered, but that they should be submitted to the examination of an independent auditor, has not yet been disclosed to on expectant but still incredulous public.

Otherwise, too, than in matters of mere money are the ways of some publishers-English publishers-past finding out, or, when found out, diffi-cult to make straight. Mr. Gilbert's recens una

pleasantness with Messrs. Boosey & Co. is an instance in point. Long years ago Mr. Gilbert then little known, translated and adapted for this firm, which issues music and musical books, Offen. bach's opera "Les Brigands." His version was lately put upon the stage, but in an altered and interpolated form. As they retained Mr. Gilbert's name, he protested, and as protests avalied not, he went to law; which also availed not. He asked for an injunction to restrain Messrs. Boosey from inserting in a "book" which bore Mr. Gilbert's name on the title page certain songs and dialogue which were not his, but invented by an ex-musichall singer. The injunction was refus d. Gilbert appealed, and it was refused again. "In common honesty," he patherically but vainly pleads, " I think I am entitled to ask that I shall not be made to shine with the lustre of another man's intellect." And he then states his case against the Court of Appeal in a manner at once so Gilbertian and so conclusive that it is a pity to abridge it, and I quote the text:

"If a grocer buys a tin of Colman's mustard, and having adulterated it with a mustard that is not Colman's, nevertheless sells it across the counter as Colman's, the Malesty of the Law is outraged and the thunderbolts of the Courts of Chancery are not invoked in vain. This is a six uation which the Courts of Chancery can grasp-it appeals to them as a mercantile outrage concerning which there can be no two opinions. The Courts of Chancery have invariably shown themselves hopelessly unable to apply this simple principle to works written for the stage."

Mr. Gilbert's publishers have nothing better to urge in reply than that they offered to say on the play-bill or title page, or both, that the text was not entirely from Mr. Gilbert's pen. Everyhody can form his own opinion as to the adequacy of that defence. But the publishers have the law on their side; what more could they ask? Public opinion is not a matter about which they show themselves over-anxious. G. W. S.

## A BALLAD OF NANTUCKET.

O. Margaret Bradford, sitting there, think you you's doing right.

ing's gathered gloom;

A-stringing on your kitten's tall those spools that fa so tight?--Pause in your mad career, my dear, and listen unto

Let go of her tail and I'll tell you one of the ever sounding sea.

'Tis a bit of Nantucket's gospel truth, which I beard in the Captain's Room From a grizzled sea-dog, harbored there in the even

He talked in low, confiding tones, while his clear; cerulcan eye Bespoke him an unaffected soul, unable to tell a lie. III.

In the summer of Eighteen Sixty-two-the day he remembered well-A pedler down from New-Bedford came, with a number of clocks to sell,

They were patent alarm, se'f-winding clocks, which couldn't get out of repair. gh self-cleaning clock was each, as the pedler did declare.

IV. But, alas, his peddling bore no fruit, he couldn't dispose of his stock, That was the year when the bluefish falled, and be

never sold a clock; So after a week he gave it up, with a sigh as long as a mile. And he carried away as many clocks as he brought to the beautiful isle.

As he took the steamboat to quit the town he uttered an awful curse.

And at sight of his spurned but superior wares his

temper grew worse and worse; Till all of a sudden he sprang at the clocks with a

laugh of maniac glee. And he pitched them, like he was pitching quoits, far into the vasty sea!

As they flashed and fell they caught the eye of a hugo man-eating shark, Who was out that beautiful summer day for a casual coastwise lark

A typical rash and hungry shark, of his diet careless,

On two of those lovely clocks he seized and bolted them merrily!

That was 2 o'clock in the afternoon, the alarms were set for 9, And prompt on the hour they rattled away, while the shark did sore repine; He stood on his head and he waltzed on his tall in a

wild, convulsive way, But the clocks held fast in his great big throat, and hel certainly come to stay. VIII.

If the clocks had been of the common sort the alarms had soon run down, But they were not built in a slip-shod way, as the

pedier assured the town; O, no, they were patent self-winding clocks, which moth nor rust could reach. For they all were thorough self-cleaning clocks and a

guarantee went with each. IX. Was ever shark in such a plight?. Since Eighteen

Sixty-two,
At 9 of morn and 9 of eve each day the long year through, Two inward voices blent in one as loud as a foghers

rise. No wonder then if he swims aghast in his nevequenched surprise.

And O, what makes the matter worse, what makes the shark declare That he has taken up a cross beyond his strength # bear.

What makes him for his last, long sleep most ferveriff to wish Is to be hailed on every side "the sea's most striking RICHARD SCUDDER

PRICES OF ORIGINAL EDITIONS. From The Philadelphia News.

PRICES OF ORIGINAL EDITIONS.

From The Philadelphia News.

"The original editions of modern authors," see always in demaid at a considerable premium above the publisher's grie. In some cases this is on account of the value of the plates or illustrations with which they are embellished at least this was the original reason for placing a premium upon rare first editions; but now I belief instead that many first editions of popular works are now bringing upward of ten times the price of publication. "Then you consider," I said, "that you could dispose of your library without loss.

"Yes," he replied, "I have purchased my books "yes," he replied, "I have purchased my books of your library without loss.

"Yes," he replied, "I have purchased my books to the price of my pirchase. Take, for firstance in the price of my pirchase. Take, for firstance in paid 75 cents a volutae, the original selling price of the works of Nathanel Hawthorne, for which I paid 75 cents a volutae, the original selling price in a prominent because their age. But one day, when books easiling at the store of a prominent book cailing at the store of a prominent book seller, I was chatting with him on the increased with marked that the first editions of Hawthorne's works marked that the first editions of Hawthorne's works marked that the remarkable increase in the value of delighted at this remarkable increase in the value of the books. Of course, it should be borne in mind these books. Of course, it should be borne in mind these books. Of course, it should be borne in mind these books. Of course, it should be borne in mind these books. Of course, it should be borne in mind these books. Of course, it should be borne in mind these books. Of course, it should be borne in mind these books. Of course, it should be borne in mind these books. Of course, it should be borne in mind these books, of a book, even if it happens to by a first edition, is governed more or less by its scarcing to for the pairry sam of \$6. It may be interesting to for the pairry

## A SURPRISE FOR THE DUDE.

From The Portland Oregonian.

A First-st. merchant tells of a very funny incident which happened in front of his store Tuesday. A which happened in front of his store Tuesday. A young lady was standing in the doorway beside young lady was standing in the doorway beside active along an attenuated specimen of the exaggerated came along an attenuated specimen of the exaggerated dode, with a pair of pince neg glasses astride a very prominent nose, and mistaking, or pretending to nisprominent nose, and mistaking white with the lady standard nose of the nisprominent nose, and nisprominent nose, as if to examine the quality of the mass well-less than a second an umbrella whirled by a well-developed arm came down crash on the dudes plus that, driving it down over his cars, and completely hat, driving it down over his cars, and completely extinguishing him; and, as he extricated his extinguishing him; and, as he extricated his hyposistenocephalus head and passed on amid the shot and laughter of the spectators, the young lady calmir and laughter of the spectators, the young lady calmir and sughter of the spectators, the young lady calmir and sughter of the spectators, the young lady calmir and sughter of the spectators, the young lady calmir and sughter of the spectators, the young lady calmir and sughter of the spectators.